

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras He conuey my selfe
To heare the Proceffe. He warrant shce'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
He call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murder: Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this curst hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Wherto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
This foule Sonne, do this same Villaine fend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knows, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

Exeunt Gent.

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no relish of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother staves,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stood betwene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ne heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
budge:
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe, helpe, ho.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slaine.

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,

As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
Iooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leane wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapshie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome;
Is thought-sicke at the acte.

Qu. Aye me; what acte, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow.
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband, Looke you now what followes.

Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare

Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?

Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,

And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?

You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement

Would step from this, to this? What duell was't,

That thus hath couend you at hoodman-blinde?

O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,

And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,

When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,

Since Frost it selfe, as actiue doth burne,

As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,

And there I see such blacke and grained spots,

As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue

In the ranke sweat of an enfeamed bed,

Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue

Over the nasty Sty.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,

These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.

No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:

A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,

A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.

That from a Shelle, the precious Diadem stole,

And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of fires and patches,

Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings

You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by

This important Acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget this Visitation

Is but to whet thy almost-blunted purpose.

But looke. Amazement on thy Mother sits;

O step betwene her, and her fighting Soule;

Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with

Qu. Alas, how is it

That you bend your eye

And with their corpor

Forth at your eyes, you

And as the sleeping So

Your bedded haire, lik

Start vp, and stand an

Vpon the heate and fla

Sprinkle coole patien

Ham. On him, on h

His forme and cause co

Would make them cap

I cast with this pittou

My sterne effects: the

Will want true colour

Qu. To who do you

Ham. Do you see

Qu. Nothing at all

Ham. Nor did you

Qu. No, nothing b

Ham. Why look you

My Father in his habit

Looke where he goes e

Qu. This is the ver

This bodiless Creation

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours dor

And makes as healthfu

That I haue vttered; b

And I the matter will

Would gamboll from.

Lay not a flattering Vn

That not your trespass

It will but skin and flir

Whil' R ranke Corrupt

Infects vsence. Conf

Repent what's past, au

And do not spread the C

To make them ranke,

For in the farnesse of th

Vertue it selfe, of Vice

Yea court, and woe, fo

Qu. Oh Hamlet,

Thou hast clef't my heart

Ham. O throw awa

And hie the purer with

Good night, but go no

Assume a Vertue, if you

And that shall lend a kin

To the next abstinence.

And when you are defin

He blessing begg of yo

I do repent: but heauen

To punish me with this

That I must be their Sc

I will bestow him, and

The death I gaue him:

I must be cruell, onely

Thus bad begins, and w

Qu. What shall I d

Ham. Not this by n

Let the blunt King rem

Pinch Wanton on your

And let him for a paire